

HalfLife 2 Deathmatch: Story of Othias Matthew

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Summary: The story of one fateful team deathmatch, as told by Othias Matthew. Based on one of my own adventures in HL2DM.

HalfLife 2 Deathmatch: Story of Othias Matthew

Oh hello there, I didn't see you through the electrified fence.

Wait.. that doesn't make any sense. Electrified fence. How can I not see through it?

Oh who cares, you're here and I'm assuming you're listening. So, let me tell you how I got here.

Where's here, you ask? Some kinda insane asylum or something. I dunno, they sorta nearly drugged me into a coma during the trip here.

So, anyway.

I was just minding my own business, doing my usual thing..and by "usual", I mean, occasionally transporting between a closed-in residential area just outside City 17 and the Death Star.

Suddenly and all of a sudden, I walked into some kind of office complex farther away from the city, where I found a battle being waged between the police force and random criminals dressed a lot like me. In fact they were wearing the exact same outfit I was.

Well, they WERE wearing the same outfit I was for a while. I managed to find some form of crossbow, when suddenly everyone (including myself) transported to another office complex. Before I regained control of my body to start battling random police officers, I found myself clad in their armor. I had somehow switched places with a police officer. The battle started anew; I gained the upper

hand for my squadron shortly after I grabbed a SPAS-12 shotgun and as many boxes-'o-shells as I could carry, while still somehow having room for my favorite USP Match and electrified beating-people-instrument-thing, an MP-7 and a pair of grenades that I don't even remember picking up or buying anywhere.

Do they even sell grenades to citizens? I don't see why they would legally give citizens the chance to blow shit up. Then again people already do have the ability to blow shit up, what with bullets being able to blow cars up with a shot to the gas cap, and everything.

No wait, I'm getting off-topic. What am I, insane? Yeah, probably. You would be too if you had just been chased by a gigantic bug that takes God knows how many bullets to kill. Well then again, I got help from the local police after it chased me a couple miles into the city. â€|Or would you?

Let me continue the story anyway. You see I hadâ€|wait, you didn't interrupt me? Who did?

â€|_**I**_ did? Damn. That was just inconsiderate what you did there. I demand an apology. Right, sorry. Apology accepted. Now excuse me, I need to continue telling my story.

The battle started, I grabbed a shotgun despite the fact I was already holding about 20 pounds of extra equipment I had never found, I began killing random citizens because they were trying to kill me. During a break in the fighting I managed to put up a wanted poster or two. I managed to find more weapons, like another crossbow. Speaking of picking up weapons, the story behind picking up one led to me ending up here, but let me get to that on my own.

After grabbing a crossbow and managing to nail some criminals..heh, nail.. I decided to actively hunt for more, shotgun at the ready. I ran by another officer near an electrified fence, and this was where the trouble began. You see, this office complex, for whatever reason, had a short segment of fence blocking off an alcove too small to hide in anyway. Not like you would even want to climb that fence. Not only is there no room to climb down on the other side, but there was a generator right next to it, that kept it electrified, so you couldn't even touch it.

Zero-point energy field manipulators could work through it, thoughâ€|at least, I **think** they do. I mean, when I tried later my gravity gun didn't do shit. His did though, and that's the important part. So anyway, he was using his gravity gun toâ€|get thisâ€|work an **RPG launcher** out from behind the fence. Yes, someone at this office felt having a crossbow, a shotgun, a thousand boxes of shells, and a fucking teleport in the office wasn't enough. Oh no, they had to electrofence off a small section to keep a laser-guided RPG at hand too. What the hell are they doing there, leading a rebellion? Maybe it's too much Battlefield 2. I dunno though, I would personally prefer spec ops.

So as I was saying, he was attempting to gravity gun an RPG out from behind the fence. I stood to the side, watching, when the trouble began: his gravity gun gave out as the RPG sailed over the fence, bounced off the back wall, and impacted with the side of my head. Judging by the nature of combat in and around City 17, merely touching the RPG immediately put it in my inventory, despite the

mentioned 20+ pounds of crap I had already magically gained just from being in that office. I can't tell if he had blind rage or anything similar in his eyes when he stared at me, what with the big red eye-thing on his helmet and everything, but I'm assuming he was pretty pissed off.

So he pulled out a random AR-2 rifle and aimed at me. I tried to negotiate with him, but all it did was make him explode. I mean that literally; when I tossed that red beer mug at him with my gravity gun, he seriously blew up. Scorch marks on his entire front side and everything. Amazing how much shit they put in grog these days.

Alarms sounded off throughout the entire complex, and I heard a transmission. Some British chick was telling the others I was to be arrested or something. About a second later, the people who used to be my allies gave me a severe beating with their electric billy clubs. It was sho**ZAPPO** OW.

Shit, I can't make puns based on the electric bashing things. Oh, well.

They severely beat me, put me in a straight jacket, threw me in an APC and drove me out here. Like I said earlier they drugged the shit out of me too. I had some pretty crazy hallucinations this lastâ€|.how long was I drugged? Hey, guard, how long have I been out? ..A month, you say. I had some pretty crazy hallucinations this last month.

I saw myself unable to teleport to the Death Star like before. I wasn't able to draw pretty pictures anymore. I saw In Amber Clad go to Halo and they all thought it was a bagel. I saw Mama Luigi become the source of all AIDS. Oh, and I started plotting how to build a working dropship-thing.

Weird, I know. But I guess that's why I'm here. â€|What's that? Oh, happy day! I'm gonna be out of here soon! I can go back to City 17 and actually start some missions! I'm from a GTA game you know. That's right, I'm Othias Matthew, the protagonist of Grand Theft Auto: City 17. This is the first time I've been in jail or anything, too. I'm going to have to sit through some random tutorial on what happens when I get arrested the minute I'm out of here. I sure hope they let me buy back my favorite USP Match. They can keep the rest of the shit, except maybe the shotgun. Now if you'll excuse me I have to have another crazy dream sequence. I think it'll have Yoruichi fixing a gaming computer.

End
file.